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ROMEO AND JULIET.





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ROMEO & JULIET

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE BY

FORBES ROBERTSON

AND PRESENTED AT

THE LYCEUM THEATRE

ON

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1895

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAWES CRAVEN



LONDON

THE NASSAU PRESS

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1895



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, <i>Prince of Verona</i>	Mr. JOSEPH CARNE
PARIS, <i>a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince</i>	Mr. ARTHUR GRENVILLE
MONTAGUE } <i>Heads of two Houses at variance</i>	Mr. ALFRED BRYDONE
CAPULET } <i>with each other</i>	Mr. GEORGE WARDE
ROMEO, <i>Son to Montague</i>	Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON
MERCUTIO, <i>Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo</i>	Mr. COGHLAN
BENVOLIO, <i>Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo</i>	Mr. FRANK GILLMORE
TYBALT, <i>Nephew to Lady Capulet</i>	Mr. WILL DENNIS
FRIAR LAURENCE, <i>a Franciscan</i>	Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD
FRIAR JOHN, <i>of the same Order</i>	Mr. CHARLES E. SENIOR
BALTHASAR, <i>Servant to Romeo</i>	Mr. T. P. WILLIAMSON
SAMPSON } <i>Servants to Capulet</i>	Mr. LENNOX PAWLE
GREGORY }	Mr. GEORGE CANNINGE
PETER, <i>another Servant to Capulet</i>	Mr. JOHN WILLES
ABRAHAM, <i>Servant to Montague</i>	Mr. CHARLES LLOYD
AN APOTHECARY	Mr. IAN ROBERTSON
LADY MONTAGUE, <i>Wife to Montague</i>	Miss M. FABER
LADY CAPULET, <i>Wife to Capulet</i>	Mrs. EDWARD SAKER
JULIET, <i>Daughter to Capulet</i>	Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL
NURSE, <i>to Juliet</i>	Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND

*Citizens of Verona; Kinsfolk of both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen
and Attendants.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

The Action takes place in Verona, but the First Scene of the Fifth Act is laid in Mantua.

ACT I.

- Scene 1.—A PUBLIC PLACE . . . *William Harford*
Scene 2.—CAPULET'S GARDEN . . . *Hawes Craven*
Scene 3.—BY THE WALL OF CAPULET'S
GARDEN . . . *Hawes Craven*
Scene 4.—THE HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE *Joseph Harker*

ACT II.

- Scene 1.—BY THE WALL OF CAPULET'S
GARDEN . . . *Hawes Craven*
Scene 2.—CAPULET'S GARDEN (BALCONY). *Hawes Craven*
Scene 3.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL . . *William Harford*
Scene 4.—BY THE WALL OF CAPULET'S
GARDEN . . . *Hawes Craven*
Scene 5.—CAPULET'S GARDEN . . . *Hawes Craven*
Scene 6.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL . . *William Harford*
Scene 7.—A PUBLIC PLACE . . . *William Harford*

ACT III.

- Scene 1.—JULIET'S CHAMBER . . . *William Harford*
Scene 2.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL . . *William Harford*
Scene 3.—A ROOM IN CAPULET'S HOUSE. *William Harford*
Scene 4.—JULIET'S CHAMBER . . . *William Harford*

ACT IV.

- Scene 1.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL . . *William Harford*
Scene 2.—JULIET'S CHAMBER . . . *William Harford*

ACT V.

- Scene 1.—A STREET IN MANTUA . . . *T. E. Ryan*
Scene 2.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL . . *T. E. Ryan*
Scene 3.—THE TOMB OF THE CAPULETS. *T. E. Ryan*



ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of CAPULET, with swords and bucklers.

Sampson :



GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant.

Gre. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir?

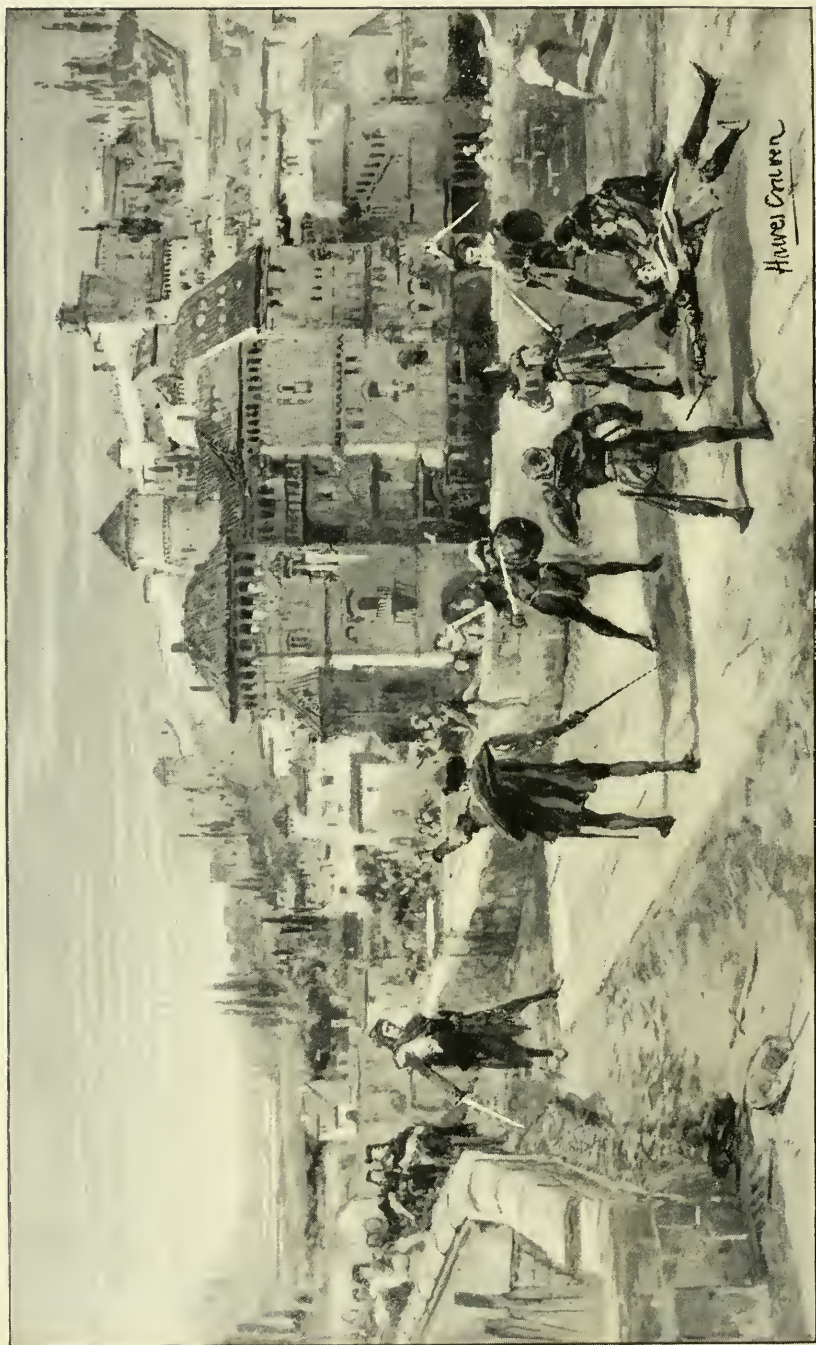
Gre. Say 'better': here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.
[*They fight.*]



Hans Gerson

Ben. Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.*]
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What! art thou drawn among these heart-
less hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the
word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

*Enter several Persons of both Houses, who join the fray;
then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat
them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long
sword, ho!

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let
me go.

Enter PRINCE, with his Train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate :
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away ;
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt PRINCE and Attendants ; CAPULET,
Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and
Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?—
Speak, nephew,—were you by, when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach :
I drew to part them ; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo ? saw you him to-
day ?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night :
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends :

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes : so please you, step
aside,

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me ! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours ?

Rom. Not having that which having makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out——

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

Rom. In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aimed so near, when I supposed you
loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I
love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be
hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit,
And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'T is the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more :
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair ?
Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and PETER.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 't is, you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world ;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years :
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marred are those so early
made.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old-accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, [*giving a paper,*]
and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.]

Pet. Find them out whose names are written here? It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut! man, one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessened by another's anguish;

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipped and tormented and—Good-den, good fellow.

Pet. God gi' good-den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Pet. Perhaps you have learned it without book:

But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Pet. Ye say honestly; rest you merry.

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*] “Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle

Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Pet. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Pet. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Pet. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Pet. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! *[Exit.]*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires;

And these, who, often drowned, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weighed
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows
best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 2.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

Nurse. I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, ladybird!—

God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse.

Your mother.

Jul.

Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was weaned,—
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone, nay, by the
rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow;

And then my husband—God be with his soul !
'A was a merry man—took up the child :
' Yea,' quoth he, ' dost thou fall upon thy face ?
Thou wilt——'

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy
peace.

Nurse. I have done. God mark thee to his grace !
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed :
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I come to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married ?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now ; younger
than you
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers : by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief ;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the
gentleman ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE 3.—*By the Wall of CAPULET'S Garden.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,

Or, shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out, of such prolixity:

We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath:

But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: You have dancing shoes
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. Give me a case to put my visage in :

[*Putting on a mask.*]

A visor for a visor !—what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverbied with a grandsire phrase ;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
We mean well in going to this mask ;
But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the Fairies' midwife, and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, a film ;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the Fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab.

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He that hath the steering of my course
Direct my sail.—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—*The Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

CAPULET, &c., *with the Guests discovered.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen ! ladies, that have their
toes

Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you :—
Ah, ha, my mistresses ! which of you all
Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now ?

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO and Maskers.

Welcome, gentlemen ! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please ; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone :
You are welcome, gentlemen !—Come, musicians,
play.

A hall, a hall ! give room ; and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves ! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
hand
Of yonder knight ?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright !

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear ;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antick face,
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

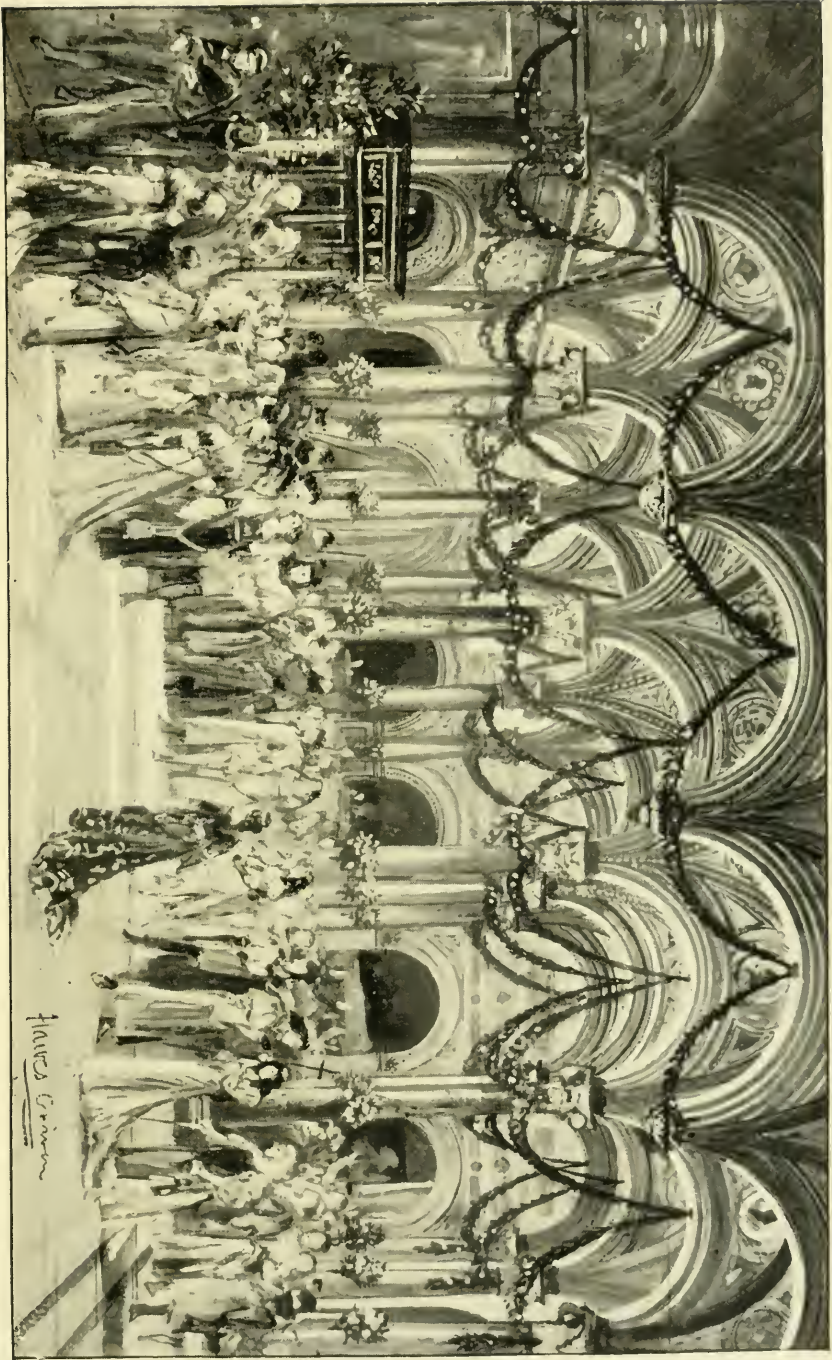
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:
What! goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*]

Rom. [*To JULIET.*] If I profane with my un-
worthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,



My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Ful. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Ful. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Ful. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

[*Kissing her.*]

Ful. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly urged !

Give me my sin again.

Ful. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous :

I nursed her daughter, that you talked withal ;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?

O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone ; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so ? Why, then, I thank you all ;
I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night.—
More torches here !

[Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman ?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door ?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance ?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? what's this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.

[One calls within, "Juliet."]

Nurse.

Anon, anon !—

Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone.

[Exeunt.]



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*By the Wall of CAPULET'S Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo :



AN I go forward when my heart is here ?
Turn back dull earth, and find thy
centre out. *[Exit.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo ! my cousin Romeo ! Romeo !

Mer. He is wise ;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leaped this orchard
wall :

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh !

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied ;

Cry but ' Ah me ! ' couple but ' love ' and ' dove , '

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim

When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid !—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not ;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him,—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us !

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night :

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-
bed ;

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :

Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then ; for 't is in vain

To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—CAPULET'S Garden (*Balcony*).

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above at a window.*]

But, soft ! what light through yonder window
breaks ?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she :

It is my lady ; O, it is my love !

O, that she knew she were !—

She speaks, yet she says nothing ; what of that ?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks :

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,

As daylight doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O ! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !

Ful.

Ay me !

Rom.

She speaks :—

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Ful. O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou
Romeo ?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name ;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak
at this ?

Ful. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy ;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name.
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself !

Rom.

I take thee at thy word :

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound :
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and where-
fore ?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these
walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords : look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight ;

And but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place ?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to
inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say — ' Ay,'
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false : at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo !
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion : therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, "It lightens." Sweet, good
night !

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
it :

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it to thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !—

Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,



Havana, Cuba.

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam !

Ful. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee——

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam !

Ful. By-and-by, I come :—
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Ful. A thousand times good night ! [*Exit*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
 light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
 books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy
 looks. [*Retiring slowly.*

Re-enter JULIET above.

Ful. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's
 voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again !
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name :
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears !

Ful. Romeo !

Rom. My dear ?

Ful. By what o'clock to-morrow
 Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning; I would have thee
gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night: parting is such sweet
sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE 3.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give ;
 Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair
 use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
 part,

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs,—Grace, and rude Will ;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—
 Young son, it argues a distempered head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
 reign :

Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature ;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true ; the sweeter rest was
 mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou
been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence,
then:

Women may fall when there's no strength in
men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not: she I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run fast.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—*By the Wall of CAPULET'S Garden.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how
he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead !
stabbed with a white wench's black eye ; run through
the ear with a love-song ; the very pin of his heart
cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft ! and is he
a man to encounter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O,

he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The plague of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—‘By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good wench!’—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon mees, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

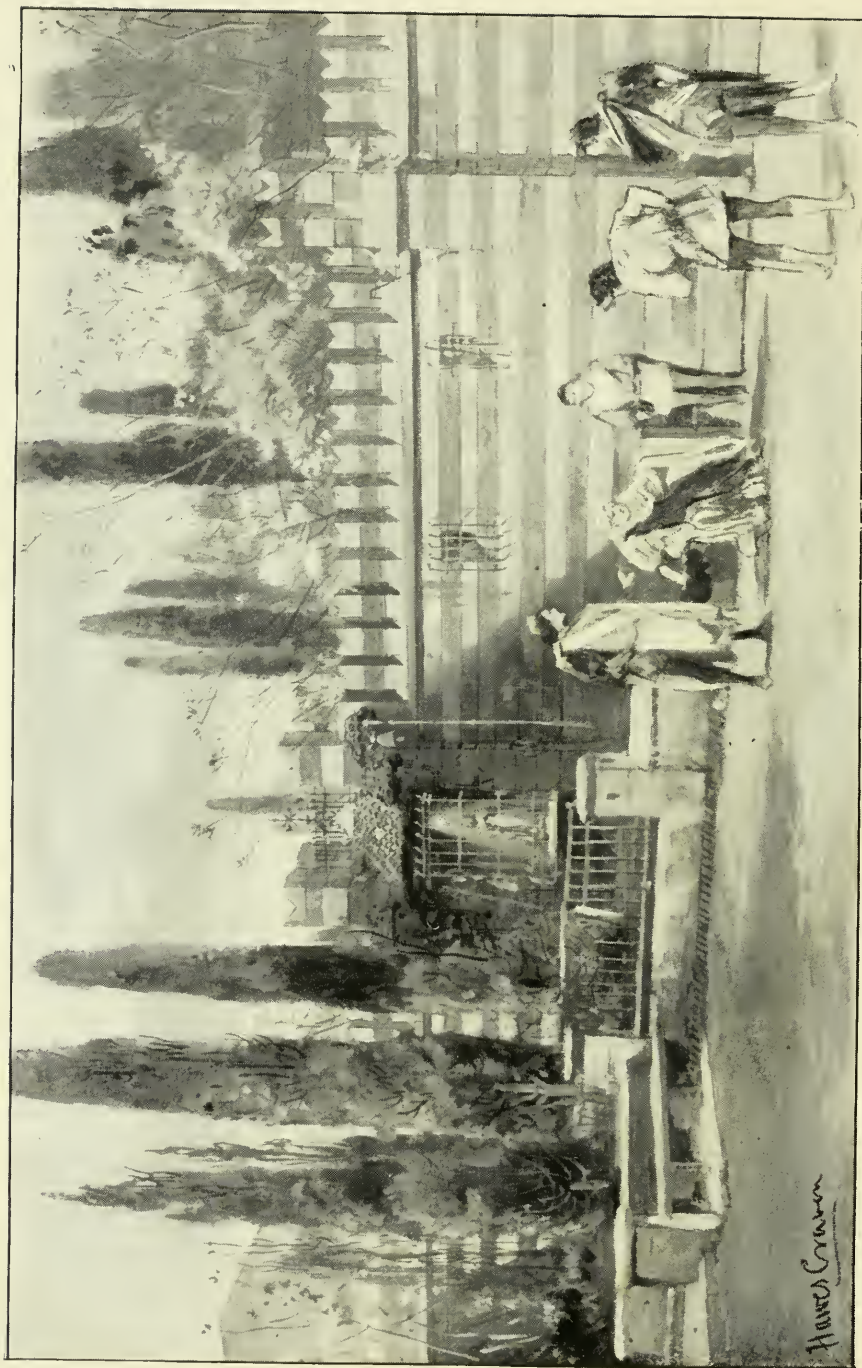
Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there’s a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Ben. Here’s goodly gear!



H. W. C. C. C.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail !

Ben. Two, two ; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter !

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. So ho ! So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare, sir. Romeo, will you come to your father's ? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, ' lady, lady, lady.' [Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell !—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery ?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk ; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, and 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills !—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure ; if I

had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,——

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall,

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit* ROMEO.]
Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan and go before. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 5.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse ;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him : that's not so.
O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours ;—yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?
Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why
look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary ; give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news :
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ; good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Ful. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no,
not he; though his face be better than any man's,
yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a
foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked
on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him as gentle as a
lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What,
have you dined at home?

Ful. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head
have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back—o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Ful. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Ful. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?'



Thames Valley

Nurse. O, God's lady dear !
Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil !—come, what says Romeo ?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence
cell ;
There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
Go ; I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune ;—Honest nurse, fare-
well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 6.—*Friar LAURENCE's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, Amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder
Which, as they kiss, consume.
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work ;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 7.—*A Public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let 's retire :
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that when
he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword

upon the table, and says, 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast; thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head has been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,——

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell: I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
 Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, Tybalt, you rat-catcher.

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
 nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as
 you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
 eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher
 by the ears ? make haste, lest mine be about your
 ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ; beat down their weapons.
 Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage !
 Hold, Tybalt !—good Mercutio !

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses ! I am sped :
 Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What ! art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 't is
 enough.—

Where is my page ?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit PAGE.*

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide
 as a church-door ; but 't is enough, 't will serve : ask
 for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave
 man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—
 A plague o' both your houses !—'Zounds ! a dog, a
 rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a
 braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book
 of arithmetic !—Why the devil came you between
 us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses !
They have made worms' meat of me : I have it,
And soundly too :—your houses ! [MERCUTIO falls.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman : O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel !

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend ;

This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !—

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company :
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

[*They fight ; TYBALT falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone !

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :
Stand not amazed : the prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—away !—

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool !—



ACT III.

SCENE I.—JULIET'S *Chamber*.*

Enter JULIET.

Juliet :



ALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging : such a
waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the
west,

And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked-of, and unseen !—
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed
night,

Give me my Romeo ; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my
nurse,

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

* This scene is sometimes omitted.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ay me, what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead.

We are undone, lady, we are undone.—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though Heaven cannot.—O, Romeo, Romeo—

Who ever would have thought it!—Romeo—

Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me
thus?

Hath Romeo slain himself?

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,

All in gore blood:—I swoounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughtered? and is Tybalt dead?

My dear loved cousin, and my dearer lord?—

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that killed him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did : alas the day, it did !

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face !
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !
A damned saint, an honourable villain !——
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?

Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :
Upon his brow Shame is ashamed to sit ;
For 't is a throne where Honour may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that killed your
cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it ?
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
And Tybalt 's dead, that would have slain my
husband :

All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain ;
But, O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished !'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.—

To speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished !'
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse ;
 Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears : mine
 shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords : poor ropes, you are beguiled,
 Both you and I ; for Romeo is exiled.

Nurse. Hie to your mother ; I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you : I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night :
 I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE 2.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful
 man :

Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's
 doom ?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar
 Is my dear son with such sour company :
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's
 doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.



Rom. Ha, banishment ! be merciful, say 'death' ;
For exile hath more terror in its look,
Much more, than death : do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death :—then 'banished'
Is death mis-termed : calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is
here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—'banished'—to kill me ? 'Banished' ?
O friar ! the damned use that word in hell ;
Howling attends it : how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word 'banished' ?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet 'banished' ?—Hang up philosophy !

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not : talk no more.

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not
feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*]

Fri. Arise ; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide thy-
self. [*Knocking.*]

Hark, how they knock !—Who's there ?—Romeo,
arise ;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile !—Stand up ;
Run to my study.—By-and-by.—God's will !
What simpleness is this !—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's
your will ?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand ;
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri.

Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord ? where's Romeo ?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O ! he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case ! Even so lies she.—

Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir !—Well death's the end of
all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own ?
Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love ?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
weeps ;
And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out thou art :
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives ?
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her :
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord ! I could have stayed here all the
 night

To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !

Fri. Go hence ; good night ; and here stands all
 your state :

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguised from hence :
 Sojourn in Mantua : I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you that chances here.
 Give me thy hand ; 't is late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :

Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.—*A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter.
 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.—
 'T is very late ; she'll not come down to-night.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
 Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;

To-night she's mewed up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next——
But, soft : what day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon ;

O' Thursday let it be :—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend or two ;—
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone :—o' Thursday be it then.—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.—JULIET'S Chamber.

ROMEO and JULIET discovered.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops :
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay than will to go :
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul ? let 's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
O, now be gone : more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light : more dark and dark
our woes !

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your
chamber :

The day is broke ; be wary, look about. *[Exit.*

Jul. Then window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[Descends.



Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband,
friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! Adieu!

[*Exit.*

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands :

Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death.

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not :

Then weep no more. I 'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him !

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I 'll find such
a man.

But now I 'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed

Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?

Evermore showering ?

How now, wife ?

Have you delivered to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?

Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blessed,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have, but thankful, that you have :

Proud can I never be of what I hate ;

But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now, chop-logic ! What is this ?

'Proud,'—and 'I thank you,'—and 'I thank you not';—

And yet 'not proud';—mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what:—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:

Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping, still my care
hath been

To have her matched: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly trained,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—'I'll not wed,'—'I cannot love,'—
'I am too young,'—'I pray you, pardon me.'—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
 word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be pre-
 vented?—comfort me, counsel me.—

Alack, alack! that Heaven should practise strata-
 gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 't is. Romeo

Is banished, and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him.

Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; else beshrew them
 both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times ?—Go, counsellor ;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy :
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*





ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Friar* LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Friar :



IN Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it
so ;

And I am nothing slow to slack his
haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind :
Uneven is the course ; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society :
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should
be slowed.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That 'may be' must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Fri. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears :
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
Things that to hear them told, have made me
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then: go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest:
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life:
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 2.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. What, is my daughter gone to Friar
Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on
her:

A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with
merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you
been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoined

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon:—pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county: go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell,
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:
That is as 't should be.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my
help?

Jul. No, madam; we have culled such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night :
Get thee to bed and rest ; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewell ! God knows when we shall meet
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I 'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse !—What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ?
No, no :—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.

[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?
I fear it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me ? there 's a fearful point !
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed ;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud ; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears ?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
O, look ! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point :—stay, Tybalt, stay !—
Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]





ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Mantua.*

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo :



I F I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at
hand :

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his
throne,

And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to
think !—

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possessed,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar !
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How fares my Juliet ? that I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill :
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you :
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so ? then I defy you, stars !
Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience :
Your looks are pale and wide, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived :
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : get thee gone,
And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.—

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means :—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks ;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need.

As I remember, this should be the house :
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art
poor ;

Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's
law

Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee.

[Exeunt.]



Plaza de Armas

SCENE 2.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.**Enter Friar JOHN.**John.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!*Enter Friar LAURENCE.**Lau.* This same should be the voice of Friar John.—*Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.**John.* Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.*Lau.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo?*John.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.*Lau.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell.*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *[Exit.]**Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!*[Exit.]*

SCENE 3.—*The Tomb of the CAPULETS.*

Enter PARIS and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.

[Page retires.]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I
strew,

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep!—

[The Boy whistles.]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile.

[Retires.]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch,
mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face,
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage-wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take
 thou that :

Live, and be prosperous : and farewell, good fellow.

[*BALTHASAR retires.*]

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banished haughty Montague
 That murdered my love's cousin,—
 And here is come to do some villainous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.

[*Advancing.*]

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague !
 Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
 Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I
 hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
 Fly hence, and leave me : O, be gone !
 By Heaven, I love thee better than myself,
 For I come hither armed against myself.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then, have at thee,
boy. *[They fight.]*

Par. O, I am slain. *[Falls.]* If thou be merciful,
Lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.]*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face :
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet :
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave ;
A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughtered youth ;
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

[Laying PARIS in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry ! which their keepers call
A lightening before death : O, how may I
Call this a lightening? O my love ! my wife !
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquered ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour,
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again : here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chambermaids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
 last !

Arms, take your last embrace ! and, lips, O you,
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
 Here's to my love ! [*Drinks.*]—O true apothecary !
 Thy drugs are quick !—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a lantern, &c.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves !—Who's
 there ?

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
 The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?—

[Enters the tomb.

Romeo ! O, pale !—Who else ? what, Paris too ?
 And steeped in blood ?—Ah ! what an unkind hour
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance !—
 The lady stirs.

[JULIET wakes.

Jul. O comfortable friar ! where is my lord ?
 I do remember well where I should be,
 And there I am :—where is my Romeo ?

[Noise within.

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that
 nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep :
 A greater power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents : come, come away :
 The husband of thy bosom there lies dead ;
 And Paris too : come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no
longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

[*Exit Friar LAURENCE.*]

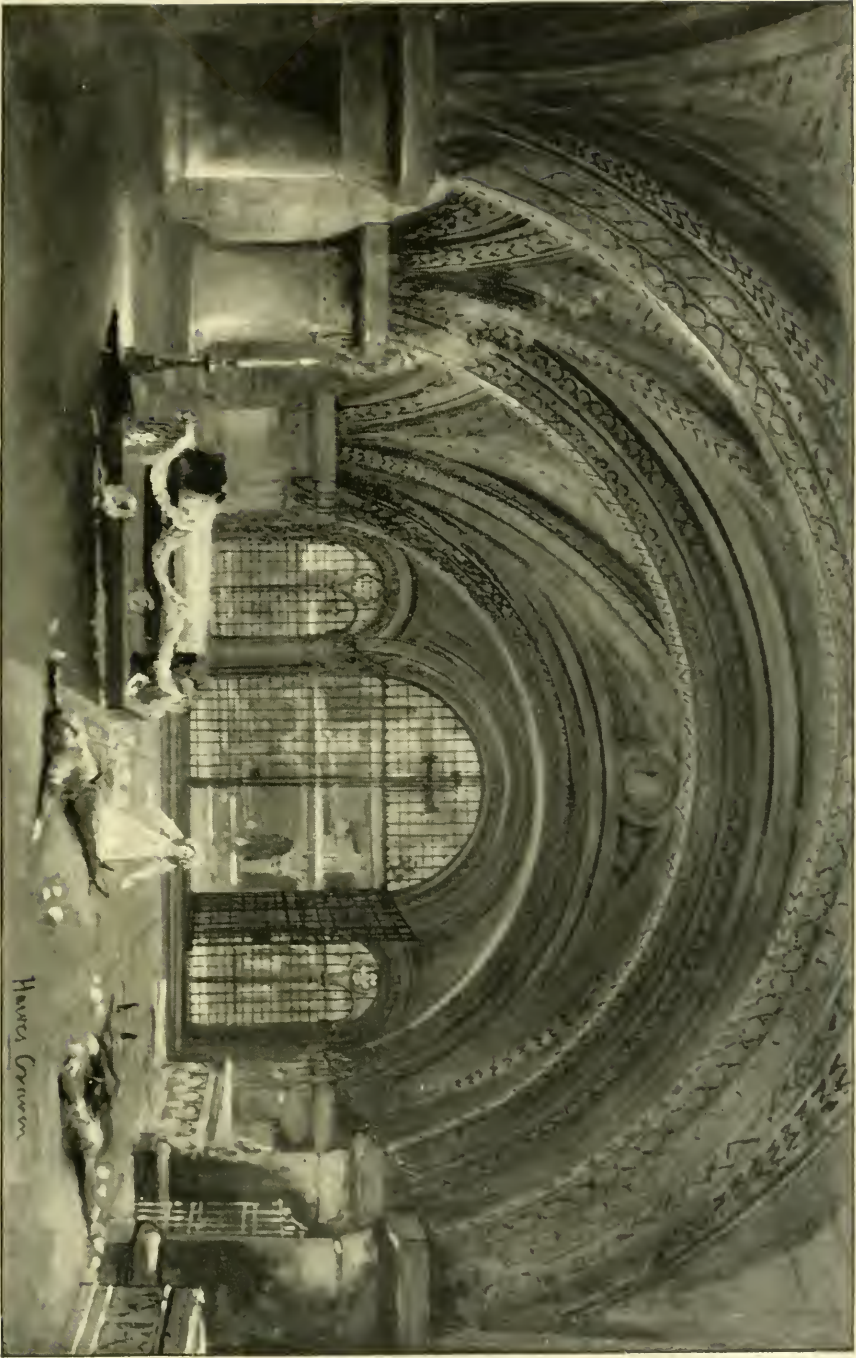
What's here ? a cup, closed in my true love's hand ?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :
O churl ! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm.

I Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy :—which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
dagger ! [*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath ; [*stabs herself*] there rust, and
let me die. [*Dies.*]

CURTAIN.



Hunter Green





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